



GOOD FOR EVERYBODY

Almost everybody takes some laxative medicine to cleanse the system and keep the blood pure. Those who take **SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR** (liquid or powder) get all the benefits of a mild and pleasant laxative and tonic that purifies the blood and strengthens the whole system. And more than this: **SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR** regulates the liver, keeps it active and healthy, and when the liver is in good condition you find yourself free from Malaria, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick-Headache and Constipation, and rid of that worn out and debilitated feeling. These are all caused by a sluggish liver. Good digestion and freedom from stomach troubles will only be had when the liver is properly at work. If troubled with any of these complaints, try **SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**. The King of Liver Medicines, and Better than Pills.

Has the 15 Stamp in red on wrapper.



The Little Doctor's Book tells about **RAMON'S LIVER PILLS** And Tonic Pellets. Only Modern Cure for Constipation, Biliousness and Liver Troubles. Free at any store. For sale by Charles Lyle Drug Co.

Cushman's MENTHOL INHALER



Cures all troubles of the Throat and Lungs. **CATARRH, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, LAGRIFFE, WILL CURE** Coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, influenza, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. **MENTHOL BALM** produces wonderful relief of Coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, influenza, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. **MENTHOL BALM** produces wonderful relief of Coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, influenza, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs.

Ramon's Liver Pills & Tonic Pellets are a Perfect Treatment for Constipation and Biliousness. One pill a dose.

ARE YOU BALD?



LORRIMER'S EXCELSIOR HAIR RESTORER Positively Produces a Luxuriant Growth of Hair on the Balding Head. Rapidly cures bald patches, scanty partings, hair falling, thin eyebrows and eye-lashes, and restores grey hair to original color. Absolutely force whiskers and moustaches on the smoothest face at any age.

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POULTRY NETTING.

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GARDEN SEEDS.

Sole agents for the sale of Genuine Oliver & Sons' products.

E. L. BELL, TRUSTEE FOR EVANS BROS.

Don't forget, we have moved to 22 Campbell street.

SONG.
We are so young, my heart and I;
We are so young!
How bright the sunshine and the blue above!
How sweet the laughter tripping from the tongue!
And surely gladder bird songs ne'er were sung,
For sweet is life. But sweeter far is love
When hearts are young.

We are so old, my heart and I;
We are so old!
The world we loved so dearly drifts away;
The birds sing on: the sunshine drifts like gold.
We need them not. The tale is almost told.
For us the evening's gloom, the twilight's gray,
When hearts are old.

—Josephine H. Nicholls in Detroit Free Press.

SYLVELIN.

"Kom Kyra!" "Kom Kyra!"

This cow call cut fresh and clear through the air like an arrow. It stirred the birds even in the highest tree tops, till the air was alive with song. But the fresh, girlish voice rang above all of it, till even the birds stopped to listen. It cut far across the fields to where the laborers were busy haymaking, and one by one they rested their rakes to listen too.

"Ah, it be Karl Bauckellens Sylvelin," said Johan Grane, and his kind old face shone with pleasure.

"It'm! And a useless piece of goods she be too! What be the use o' that lassie with her fairy tales and song? Who milks the cows at eventide, I'd like to know—she or her old grannie? Not she, I tell ye, Johan. She sits hid behind the barn door, reading some tales o' fiction fit to turn any sensible thinking power crazed. I warrant ye she will end sadly, that lassie."

"Well, Trine, maybe as she be a bit queer, but her heart is in the right place. Come next Christmas a twelvemonth I was too that bad, ye will recollect. I most thought my time had come, and I verily believe I shouldna ha turned and cared to live if it hadna been for that wee bit o' lassie coming to cheer me in all kinds o' weather, with her fairy tales and song—song, I tell ye, that if one could shut it into one's life would make one long to live it twice over."

Jorgen Thoreson was standing on the other side of the field. He, too, was resting his rake to listen to the song that still soared above them in a tantalizing strain, half mocking, half pathetic in its quaint rhyme.

When he saw the others were absorbed in work, he threw down his rake and sped up the slope. He knew where to find Sylvelin. He was one of the few who dared to join her in her hidden retreat up among the branches of an old apple tree, where they had played since they were children together.

As he neared the song ceased. He stopped behind some bushes and peeped through. Yes, there was Sylvelin, but not up among the branches. She was lying on her back under the apple tree. Her shoes and stockings were thrown on a moss covered stone in the middle of the brooklet. She was laughing to herself in a happy, cooling way, and the sad gurgle from the brooklet joined in, till it sounded like a soft ripple of laughter and tears mingled in a low toned song.

She shook the tree now and again by pressing her feet with her whole force against the stem, till the apples came pelting down on her. Then she laughed to drown the brooklet's gurgle.

Suddenly she got up, placed a wreath of briar rose and forgetmenots on her head and sat down by the brooklet. She gathered buttercups awhile, picking off their petals, till her lap was one mass of golden leaves. Then she filled both hands and sprinkled them over her head and form, stooped over the brooklet and nodded to her rosy, merry face that laughed back at her from a mass of flowers and gold as from a wreath of flame. Then she repeated softly to herself:

"Sylvelin slender,
Sylvelin fair,
Wove a wreath of roses
In her golden hair,
Looked into the brooklet
That twined the flowers among,
Nodded to her image
And sang a merry song."

"Sylvelin slender,
Sylvelin fair,
Why have you twined the roses
In your golden hair?
Look back at you so gay?
Ah, some one in the meadow
Will meet his love today."

Jorgen's heart beat painfully as he heard the last line. He pushed the branches apart and called her.

"Then he said verses, Sylvelin. Now, if you would let your lover meet you in the meadow, he would be glad to twine fresh roses in your hair all his life long."

"But I have no lover, ye see, Jorgen, and I donna want any. It was na me as wrote them verses. The minstrels made them for me, so I have been reading them again and again, to try and catch them in song. Most people donna understand the power and gladness o' song. Ye be the only one patient enough to listen. That is why I like ye, because I need na mind about ye, ye donna interrupt nor hinder."

"That is why ye like me! Because ye need na mind whether I be there or no?"

"Well, yes; about that. Ye see, when ye come, I go on singing as if ye be na there at all. If it be any one else a-comin', I run and hide, excepting it be the minstrels—aye, they make me sing to them, they do, and they say there be a rare fortune in my voice, and that makes me happy, not for the money—but then none would think it the waste to sing. I would be giving all my money to ye and grannie, and I could spend my life wi' ye."

"But did it na strike ye ever, Sylvelin, that grannie and me might na careen overmuch for the fortune neither? Maybe as we should prefer to keep ye here, sure no one hinders yer song!"

"Maybe as they have ha hindered me, for that would be useless. They could na stop the birds if they tried, and I be like a bird. But maybe be the time Trine Krogstuen remarked on it, and it makes me weary at heart to think I donna do my duty to grannie. She be so rare in her kindness to me. So when this longing do seize me to fly far away to yonder side o' the mountain that I may spend my life in song I be half wearied to think maybe as I ought to stay at home and milk the cows. Be that what I ought to do, be ye thinking, Jorgen?"

"If it be only the cows ye worry about, ye may leave them to me. But be it only just the cows ye think on, Sylvelin? We played together as little ones. Don't ye feel a bit sad at parting wi' grannie and me, lassie?"

"Well, ye see, I know ye will be better off wi' me gone, for I'd be sending all the money to ye and grannie."

"Aye, aye! But ye may na be going yet awhile."

"I be na so sure o' that. The minstrels

be coming to see grannie on their next round. They said some one would be coming with them as would be glad to engage me and pay me handsomely only just to sing. How I shall love that life! Though I shall weary for my little goats at times. They be the best little comrades I ever had. Ye gave them to me, Jorgen. Will ye mind them for me?"

She looked at him with tears gathering in her eyes. He turned half from her and nodded.

So they sat silent a long while, till some one called Sylvelin from below. They looked over the slope, and there were grannie and the minstrels.

Jorgen started; then passionately, blindly he stretched out his arm to hold her. "Don't—don't be leaving me, Sylvelin! I love ye so, little lassie, I love ye so!"

But she was down the slope before he had finished. She flew like a bird on the wings of newborn hope.

Jorgen sat staring into the brooklet. He struggled with a sharp pain, till, overcome by grief, he bowed his head in his hands with a despairing cry.

Then came Sylvelin's voice, fresh and sweet. She was singing to the minstrels.

So it was that Sylvelin left home. Her little heart fluttered with excitement to watch all the strange new things as she sped on her way to the big city. Her face flushed with pride to think she would sing to all these people and become famous. Then she would gain an enormous fortune and build a castle for grannie and Jorgen, and the little goats should come, too, and have a beautiful shed and a garden all their own!

So she dreamed and dreamed. At last the journey came to an end. As they drove into a dismal looking back street and stopped before an ugly old stone house Sylvelin looked round and shivered—not a tree, not a flower.

Professor Hanson touched her kindly on the arm.

"Come, lassie, carry your belongings and follow me."

The next day she went with the professor to sing in a large hall to be tried. As she entered the people looked at her and laughed. The women pointed to her short skirts, and many sharp remarks cut on little Sylvelin's ears, till her cheeks burned with shame. Tears rose to her eyes, and as the professor told her to come and sing she felt a lump rising in her throat.

He sat down to the piano and began playing the simple songs she loved so well, with lots of variations, which so disfigured their simple charm, that Sylvelin's confusion grew, and she could not find her voice amid all those runs and trills. She looked round in despair, and as she saw the mocking faces on all sides she burst into a sob.

A loud laugh rang from every corner. The professor got up angrily, but Sylvelin had fled down the hall and out of the door. He found her outside, crying bitterly. He tried to soothe her and promised the next time all would be well. He was gentle with the lassie, for he thought as yet he had the right article. But she said nothing.

Many weary days followed, when she was made to practice scales and other queer, ugly things she did not understand. Her little face looked worn and white; the roses had long fled. She thought of grannie and of her goats, but most of all she thought of Jorgen. Some words seemed to float past her that she had paid no heed to before, and that all of a sudden stirred an intense longing in her heart. "Don't leave me, little lassie! I love you so; I love you so!"

Then Sylvelin began ailing, and her voice seemed gone. So they had to send her home.

As she drew near the farm the sun was setting, and she saw grannie on the other side of the slope driving the cows home. A strange, new contentment grew within her at the sight of it all, and she wondered how she ever could have left it. "Maybe the happiness lay so close that I hid it wi' my own shadow," she thought.

She watched grannie and felt half relieved to see her driving the cows into the enclosure, shutting the gate and turning back the path she had come. Somehow there was some one else she longed to meet first—some one whom she knew would soon be coming to milk the cows, and while waiting she went to the cowhouse and prepared for the milking.

There stirred such a soft feeling of thanksgiving in her heart that she felt she must give it vent in song, so she sang. During the song Jorgen entered. She neither saw nor heard him. He stood still, listening, his heart beating. He could not believe his eyes or his ears, for there was a pathos in Sylvelin's voice he had never heard there before. It almost brought the tears to his eyes.

When she had finished, he hardly dared approach the lassie. He only whispered her name softly:

"Sylvelin!"

She turned to him shyly, a quick blush spreading over her pale face.

"Aye, I be come back home, ye see, Jorgen."

"It be grannie ye wearied for maybe, lassie."

"Well, yes—that is, it was na exactly grannie neither."

"Aye. Maybe as it was the goats?"

"No, Jorgen, it was na exactly the goats neither."

"What then? Tell me, little lassie."

She looked up at him, and as he gazed into her eyes his heart nearly stood still for joy.

"Sylvelin!"

And he stretched his arms to her.

"Aye, aye!"—Lady.

LINCOLN'S ELOQUENCE.

His Early Reputation as a Debater and Story Teller.

One man in Gentryville, Ind., a Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related was subjected to their keen, shrewd common sense. It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group and the one listened to most eagerly. Politics was warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be that sitting on the counter of Jones' grocery Lincoln even discussed slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions of Indiana at that date.

Young Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones' grocery store a reputation as a debater and story teller, but he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator. He could repeat with effect all the poems and speeches in his various school readers, he could imitate to perfection the wandering preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump. The applause he won was sweet, and frequently he indulged his gifts when he ought to have been at work—so thought his employers and Thomas, his father. It was trying, no doubt, to the hard pushed farmers to see the men who ought to have been cutting grass or chopping wood throw down their sickles or axes to group around a boy whenever he mounted a stump to develop a pet theory or repeat with variations yesterday's sermon. In his fondness for speechmaking he attended all the trials of the neighborhood and frequently walked 15 miles to Booneville to attend court.

He wrote as well as made speeches, and some of his productions were even printed through the influence of his admiring neighbors; thus a local Baptist preacher was so struck with one of Abraham's essays on temperance that he sent it to Ohio, where it appeared in some local paper. Another article, on "National Politics," so pleased a lawyer of the vicinity that he declared the "world couldn't beat it."—Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine.

ENGLISH STREET DOCTORS.

They Make a Good Living Peddling Their All Curing Pills.

"Yes, gov'nor, some on us make a lot o' money at street doctorin, an some on us don't," said a medical practitioner, as he styled himself, to a newspaper man who was passing along the White-chapel road. The street doctor in question was one of those who could afford a horse and trap, decorated with gorgeous colors and elaborate lamps, and an assistant, who helped to pull out teeth and hand pills and medicine to purchasers.

"In my case, I am glad to say I make something out of the business. But you can't do anything with it unless you've plenty of cheek. It's cheek as does it, and no mistake. I guess I makes on an average durin the summer season, in Whitechapel an at country fairs, at least £6 a week. Sometimes I makes much more. At Oldham I once drew £8 a day. I was sellin a compound pill, warranted to cure anything, except broken limbs. But I knew a man who did even better than this. He once had a week durin the summer of 1894 when he made £10 each day."

"Well, weather is a bad time for us, as then nobody ventures out to buy. I've sometimes only drawn threepence in a day, an all this time had the expense of a man an trap to stand. I remember once makin only three an six for two weeks runnin."

"Of course there is a lot o' profit in the business. My pills aren't dear, an as I sell them at a penny each, or a shilling a box, you can see there's plenty o' money to be made in the business."—London Correspondent.

The Bill Was Paid.

McRad and his wife were going over their business ledger one evening, contemplating the overdue accounts which its pages revealed, and reluctantly acknowledging that many of them would have to be written off as bad.

"What'll ye dae about this one?" said McRad mournfully. "Here's two pund acht shillings for a coat and vest been owing by Elder Doolittle since Martinmas last. I'm fearin we'll no get the money."

"Weel, I'm no sue sure," replied his wife. "Leave me to try onyhow."

Accordingly, the next Sabbath morning, when the collection was taken up, Mrs. McRad dropped the elder's "little bill," neatly folded up, into the plate, and before the week was over the amount was paid.

"Kirsty, woman," said McRad joyfully, "marriage may be a lottery, but I'm thinkin I've drawn a prize."—Pearson's Weekly.

Human Life Always Seeks Its Level.

Human life, which is fluid and not fixed, is like other fluids in seeking a level. It has always done this in times past and has not rested till it has found the level of equality in some place or other. It once found this in classes, and these became confluent with the gradual effect of time on their borders and flowed into orders, larger and vaster. At last the larger expanses have begun to burst their bounds and to meet in the immeasurable level of equality of society.—From "Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells, in Century.

In all the affairs of life let it be your great care not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if observed carefully in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.—Epictetus.

Over 2,000 patents have been issued in the United States for the manufacture of inks.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

- Castoria destroys Worms.
- Castoria allays Feverishness.
- Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Card.
- Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
- Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
- Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
- Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
- Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
- Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
- Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
- Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
- See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. J. C. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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